

COLLIER'S WEEKLY
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass.—St. LUKE ii. 10.

Darkness hides away in deeper darkness at the first faint echo of the morning's whisper. Care, foreboding and anxiety in the human heart reach the extreme limit of discouraged doubt, just as hope timidly seeks admission. Humanity had long dreamed and sung of and relied upon the Word of Promise; had mingled philosophy with eager longing for Him Who was to come; had rebelled against the Jove who cared not for the children of earth, but sneered at their aspiring and laughed at their expectations of the New Order. The chosen people had waited for a worldly ruler who should free them from the oppressor and restore the kingdom of Israel; and the great pagan empire patronizingly tolerated the harmless belief that obtained on the barren shores of Palestine, among those scattered few.

He Who was to come was born in the Cave; the first dwelling of Man himself was a cave and it was this King's delight to be with the children of men, to be as they are in all but evil; to come naked into this world and seek His first shelter at the hands of Nature; to see with His first vision the light of Mother-love in eyes that would one day, in the shadow of a great grief, look up wonderingly at Him as the Man of Sorrows Who had done no wrong; to do good, as Man often does, without hope or expectation of worldly reward—surely the Christian poet expresses a universal sentiment—

"They bring no sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule."

The hope of Israel was answered by a Messiah Who came for all men, and not for Israel alone. The selfish and narrowed expectation that almost halted, in the darkness of long waiting and discouragement and persecution, was realized at last not for one people or one country, but for all races and tribes and tongues. It was the Human-Divine Who came in answer to the protest of suffering humanity against the cold theocracy of paganism, as well as in fulfillment of the Promise that Man should be lifted up in reparation of the Fall.

The Star was shining, and the Wise Men took hope and found the Messiah in the Cave over which the Star looked down upon the birth of the King Who was to rule, not in the palace, but in the homes and hearts of men; not for worldly glory or renown, but for worldly good, and that Men might henceforth be brothers. The kindly light of the Star of Bethlehem hath shed a softening radiance on the pathway of human affairs, ever since it showed the way of true wisdom to the Magi.

The world has grown not only better but greater, because Man has learned to do kind deeds to his enemy instead of raising his hand against his helpless brother. The Star still shines—through tears, now and again, it is true; but even then the tears are less bitter because all is not darkness around and above and within. The Star still shines on the humble home, as it shone on the Cave; on Man's grand mansions, as on the first dwelling place of Primitive Man; on the captive through whose barred cell it steals, by the ministrations of fair women and strong men, who forget not that He pitied the unfortunate, lifted them up, forgave them, and took them with Him when He came to His Father's kingdom.

He loved children because He was once a child Himself, and because He saw with a divine anxiety the broad road that is always ahead of these least of His little ones. One of His few angers in this world was at those who set added dangers in their way. The Nativity and Sacred Childhood are indissolubly one—Kris Kringle and the fond deception of the reindeer, and the midnight hour when He came as a child. The bright, clear night on which Santa Claus can find his way is the same clear night as that on which Angels sang to listening shepherds on the Galilean hillsides, and when the Star never met an obscuring cloud until it stood over the place where He was born, and where in their childlike simplicity the Wise Men said, they had seen the Star in the East and were to come to adore the Child, the expectation of nations.

When the Angel had said to the Virgin that the Child was to be her son, the new era was even then about to dawn. The fullness of time, foretold by the prophets of her people, was at hand. The Annunciation was made to Mary in trust for the nations. The Mother is still full of grace and beauty and all loveliness; she holds in her hands yet the destinies of the world for good; from her embrace brave men take the imprint, fashion and shape that a wise mother's love alone can communicate; between the fatherhood of the Most High and the brotherhood of all His creatures, there is the inseparable bond of the Motherhood of the Human-Divine, that first brought into the world the salvation thereof, and does so still.

The uplifting of a discouraged and almost despairing world that was foreshadowed at the Annunciation and begun at the Nativity was symbolized in its perfect completeness in the Resurrection—the light of hope streaming from the tomb of Him Who had come to bind humanity to Himself in the triple bonds of Faith, Hope and Love. Again, it was woman who sat by the grave of the Human-Divine, wondering disconsolately whether He would not come back again. A supermundane messenger announced the Glad Tidings. Reflecting the hope of the Cave of Bethlehem and the Star, the patience of Faith was rewarded by the full glory of the final and triumphant return of the Promise Fulfilled. Christmas, a Merry Christmas—thou, child of earth, take unto thyself—for the Divine Child and the Christian Mother and the Man-Brother were born into the world, in the Father's good time, in the Yule Tide, in whose bright humanness dark shadows must not linger.

Faith demands Action, not tears; it demands of us the power of Sacrifice—sole origin of our Salvation; it seeks Christians capable of saying: We will die for this; above all, Christians capable of saying: We will live for this.—LAMENNAIS.

The scheme for a currency commission first proposed in these columns two years ago has recommended itself to the thoughtful business men and bankers of the country with increasing force, as the currency tangle has grown worse and more involved. This is an expensive motive power, but if we get the commission even now, perhaps we ought not to complain. It is probably another instance of our fatuous policy of always waiting until we are compelled by the growth of circumstances that cannot be held back—even by our holding back.

The New York State Bankers' Association has undertaken to begin the work of arriving at some definite plan. Group No. 1 of the Association met at Buffalo on the 5th inst., and passed resolutions calling upon the whole Association to communicate with other State Associations with reference to the appointment of a Currency Commission composed of bankers. Each State Association is to have three delegates, men who have made a close study of theoretical and practical finance. This body of delegates is to meet at some central city and discuss the subject in all its bearings. A system will be decided on which, in their judgment, is such system to be recommended to the attention and submitted to the action of Congress, with full details, facts, figures and arguments brought forward, from the point of view of practical men who are even now engaged in sustaining the country's business credit under present unsatisfactory conditions.

As heretofore urged in these columns, the study of finance is not everybody's business—not even a specialty

of the average Congressman; and the proposed Commission of bankers cannot fail to be a reflector of new lights on the mysteries of the science and art of this most disturbing element in public affairs and serious menace to business interests. It is needless to state that the financiers who will go into the Commission are not actuated by any desire to dictate; it is equally certain that when their report and recommendations are made public, the country will be in a position to decide more intelligently what it will be best to do. It is absolutely essential that every State be represented. There is no East and no West on the question of a better currency system.

Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Yvette Guilbert has a rather more difficult name to write than the average concert hall singer is burdened with; but her autograph will be more undecipherable than there is any need of, the lady's handwriting being almost entirely free from differentiation among the letters: her name as written looks more like "John Smithers" in a hurry than "Yvette Guilbert." Neither is the singer a very beautiful or even a comely person. It is given out also that, though a singer, it is not her voice, so much as her gestures and curvatures of pose, that attract. She is a hard worker, and comes here, it is said, at a salary of four thousand dollars a week. In a financial point of view, she is supposed to be worth more—by the week—than the President, the Cabinet and entire New York delegation in Congress; and she will have no responsibility whatever, except to appear on the stage and receive the homage or the silent hands of the public.

Yvette Guilbert is a Parisian *artiste*, and her songs are said to be portrayals of characters to be seen in that metropolis. When told that America is Puritanical, she remarked that she always selects her songs for her audience; but that, for all that, she is always herself—meaning, of course, that she adapted her songs to her audience only so far. This Parisian singer has a curious theory on the subject of young girls, and whether they should attend her concerts. Yvette Guilbert does not see why they should not, indeed. "If the young girls are innocent, they will not understand; if they are not, where is the harm?"—that is, where is the harm in their going to hear or see the Guilbert?

She has been talking English only a year; but as she talks and sings through poses and gestures on the stage, the singer's New English will not stand in the way. On one occasion Yvette Guilbert tried to tell her English maid to bring her a fresh egg; and after three attempts, that obliging little person had to guess at it: "Bring me an egg without fire," not cooked. (It seems the Guilbert takes them raw.) Then she said: "Bring me a natural egg." The English maid had never lived in Yankeeland and knew nothing of those curious temperance eggs that once flourished in Kansas. At last the *artiste chantante* shook the maid and cried: "Listen and hear! Bring me an egg, just after he has been laid." Of course, while Yvette Guilbert is in New York, she can have eggs in any style, and she can ask for them in any language, if she has the price.

By the way, Yvette Guilbert says she cannot be cheated in English. The people of the United States can be cheated in any language.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

Senator Cullom of Illinois spoke for two hours in the Senate on the 10th inst., addressing himself to a very clear-cut defense and statement of the Monroe Doctrine, the vital point being that it is time to do something. Now, what shall it be? Our warning, notification or threat, that European Powers must not obtain unrighteous sovereignty over additional American soil may mean war. To the question, Will we fight if necessary? several affirmative answers have recently been returned by Congressmen; and in certain contingencies the people will back them. It is well to have a clear understanding of our position first. Have we the right to enforce the demand made above? Any nation has the right to go to war for what it considers its vital interests, even with regard to adjacent territory. But, if England and other countries are gaining advantages in South America that it is our privilege to gain if we will, then war would be unjustifiable as well as unadvisable. The proper course to pursue would be, to make the Monroe Doctrine effective by offensive and defensive alliances with those States on the South that are supposed to need our protection from European encroachments. Such alliances would go before a war, either to prevent it, or to make it a successful undertaking on our part.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Weekly her gentle rule and frowned no more.

—W. C. BRYANT.

One of the most interesting careers of the century was brought to a close with the death of George Augustus Sala, who passed away at Brighton, England, December 8. He was born in Manchester, England, November 24, 1828. His father was an Italian and his mother an English lady devoted to Italian music and art. When an infant, the future author, journalist and artist was given out to a nurse, who became so attached to the child that, rather than return him to his parents, she sought to kill him, inflicting injuries which caused total blindness and deafness for a year and a half. At ten years he could not utter an English word. When fourteen, he was apprenticed to an artist. At sixteen, he was assistant painter in the Princess Theatre, London. He was forced finally to give up painting to avoid total blindness. Through an acquaintance with Charles Dickens in 1850 Mr. Sala may be said to have begun his literary career, though he soon quarreled with Dickens over traveling expenses incurred in Russia in the interest of "Household Words." After the separation he entered journalism, and became one of the leading newspaper correspondents of the century. The stubborn and successful contest he waged against an apparent destiny is as pathetic as it is gratifying to all lovers of sterling manhood. He had done service in all parts of the world, had conquered his way to the front in the face of tremendous odds, had begun the struggle in his cradle and when the end approached he slept the peaceful sleep of unconsciousness for several days before his death, as though kind Nature would fain say to him: "I shall spare you the final struggle. You have done enough."

The earth is sown with pleasures, as the heavens are studded with stars, wherever the conditions of existence are unsophisticated.—W. R. GREG.

The American Federation of Labor is in annual convention in this city as the WEEKLY goes to press. The proceedings so far have in general followed the programme that was announced in advance, from semi-official information, in these columns last week. There has been no disturbance so far, but it is generally understood that the extreme Socialists will make a fight for the recognition and indorsement of their views. I anticipate no serious damage, however, from this source, to the cause of organized labor. Thorough discussion, a vigorous fight in convention, are quite consistent with subsequent harmony and a pulling all together, on the part of the enlightened and level-headed delegates of the Federation. The WEEKLY will have more about the convention in the next issue, and a genuine and quite agreeable surprise is believed to be in store for the friends of organized labor everywhere. The world moves, and the Federation is in the procession.

Is it not wonderful to read of a message all the way from the polar regions by carrier pigeon from the Explorer Nansen to his wife at her home in Christiania? About two months after the departure of Nansen in the "Fram" on June 21, 1893, news reached Europe of his safe arrival at Yugorski Strait, and not a word more was heard from him until the brief message per carrier pigeon stating that the expedition was doing well. That news appeared in the American papers on the 7th inst., and almost seemed incredible. It was a happy thought to take carrier pigeons along—something, I believe, that was never before done. The bird certainly performed wonders, sweeping through the cold air when released from its cage with the same unhesitating pluck as though undertaking a short-winged flight of a few miles. With unerring instinct it headed immediately south over drifting glaciers and islands, over frozen seas and plains and wildernesses, till it reached its former home and mistress at Christiania and allowed its tiny message to be unfastened from its body. At least two thousand miles was covered by this wonderful pigeon in its flight southward, and one wonders at the endurance as much as at the marvelous instinct required for such a task.

Let us go forth, and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow to toil our little day!
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring hours past away,
Brush it not by!
Our hearts to God! to brother-men
Aid, Labor, Blessing, Prayer!—and then
To these—a sigh! Houghton.

Mr. William L. Winans, who is said to be known in certain parts of London as "that mad American" and "the modern Monte Cristo," has been making himself famous by distributing five thousand five hundred dollars among the ballet girls of the Alhambra, London's famous music and variety hall. This is rather remarkable, for it is said that Mr. Winans never went behind the scenes or sought to become acquainted otherwise with the dancers.

Ambassador Bayard is likely to become the most famous American ever sent to represent us at the Court of St. James. His speech against protection before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution last month has brought down upon him the wrath of certain Republicans who believe that Mr. Bayard had no right to talk

American politics in a foreign country while acting as our diplomatic agent. Congressman William E. Barrett of Massachusetts moved in the House of Representatives on the 10th inst. that the Committee on Foreign Affairs take steps to impeach Mr. Bayard for his alleged gross misbehavior or misdemeanor. This motion was not adopted, but a resolution passed the House ordering this committee to make a suitable report. It is thought the committee will condemn Mr. Bayard severely for his un-American speech.

When people talk lightly and glibly of having "made up their minds" about things on which the wisdom of mankind is still divided, we may well conclude that they would be intellectually better off if their minds were in a less finished condition.

The Blue and the Gray are to have a special fete day in this city, July 4, 1896. The death of sectionalism is no longer a mere hope, a reunited country has definitely passed out of the domain of sentiment and become a solid fact. To the New York *Sun*, whose broad Americanism—in a journal so exceptionally great—is one of the gratifying conditions of the time—to the very paper whose editor was one of the executive heads of the War Department in the Civil War it has been given, to emphasize the final closing of the breach then made. In these latter years of a still busy career, it must be a sort of rugged consolation to Mr. Charles A. Dana that a suggestion he threw out only a short time ago was so eagerly grasped by both sides of the veteran line.

To be a real comforter, a person must have profound sympathies; but profound sympathies are always in association with keen sensibilities, and keen sensibilities expose their possessor to a depth of anguish utterly unintelligible to ordinary souls. As is the capacity to be a heavenly comforter, such is the capacity to be an awful sufferer.—DR. PULSFORD.

Herr Ahlwardt has come to the United States, will study the English language, and will then, if he gets a good chance, do some "Jew-baiting" for the benefit of the American people. Whether this is a fad, an amusement or a fanaticism of Herr Ahlwardt's, he has brought his baiting and his fish to the wrong market. If the American people needed a special crusade against the Hebrews, we could do it ourselves. There are hot-heads enough here, if their hotheadedness took such a turn, to make things very unpleasant for almost any class of people. Whether we have quite such a type of the fool family as this new-come agitator from the German Empire, may well be doubted; but if there was any call for an anti-Hebrew propaganda no doubt this particular type of foolish disturber would develop right here in obedience to a mysterious law that always raises up the right kind of fool for a particular brand of folly.

The Hebrews of this country do not need or deserve baiting; and all such sectional, sectarian or commercial animosities as the anti-Semitic sentiment are opposed to the American sense of fair play and justice, and cannot thrive in our comparatively peaceful atmosphere. There is nothing to commend Ahlwardt's course, according to his own statement, except that certain European countries countenance and favor his methods—a fact, by the way, that affords one of the strongest possible arguments against them on this side of the Atlantic. Old World animosities are the growth of centuries of jealousy, misunderstanding and narrow views, and they are among the chief gifts of Europe to the world that the United States does not value and can get along much better without. It will be instructing, however, to note how Ahlwardt's mission is looked upon in certain quarters in this country. I hope and trust the WEEKLY may be able to announce that the anti-Semitic campaign is a failure before it begins. There is no reason why it should begin—at least in the English language, which Ahlwardt has not yet learned to speak.

This impudent disturber has learned one trick. He landed in Hoboken instead of in New York, and soon began to praise the Jersey beer. Then he had reporters call on him as The Ahlwardt of a certain notoriety. Then he asked the editors to come and hear him, ask him questions, discuss what he says fairly and, presumably, not to quarrel with his English language. This is asking a great deal, I should say. In this day, the most blatant mountebank could roll up a bank account and raise a row that sensible men might not be able to allay, if the editors took up the cudgel against him. Ahlwardt will probably find that the newspapers will not take him so seriously as he takes himself. His business over here is not of a kind that is entitled to very great free advertising. The Hebrews who are here, by the way, pay for theirs and do a great deal for it.

These three great principles of life seem incompatible, but really harmonize. The first is, "Our fate is in our own hands, and our blessedness and misery is the exact result of our own acts." The second is, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." The third is, "The race is not to

the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all."

The latest development of the Barbara Aub case is the second confession of that young woman, that her last confession of perjury is false, and that Langerman was guilty as she first swore. In point of unaccountable entanglement, this affair promises to be a phenomenon. If there was fraud on the part of those who induced this woman to make the first confession to two ladies of the Door of Hope Mission, it was the deepest-laid fraud of modern times, and was probably carried out by the aid of hypnotism. If the young woman swore falsely at first against Langerman on the trial, then retracted and told the truth, and now reiterates her first charge—then there is the last resort for a cause: Barbara Aub enjoys her notoriety, and is an extreme type of degeneration—a subject, by the way, that affords easy material for the operations of hypnotism. I would like to see the case dragged from public view; but if crime has been committed against the young woman—both by Langerman at first, and by his friends now—it must be punished. If she is a perjurer, she should get the full penalty of the law—but not in an asylum.

On his way to this country Lord Dunraven on board the White Star "Germanic" had a collision with the Glasgow steamer "Cambrae" which was sunk, all on board being saved and the big liner being compelled to turn back to Liverpool with "stove" bows. Can not even the Glasgow skippers keep out of his Lordship's way?

Canada is carrying mail, it is alleged, in Alaska—no doubt because there are British subjects there who have their mail sent that way. It is among the constitutional duties of Congress to establish post-offices and post-roads in Alaska; but if Canada pays the freight on the mail, this country will not need any post-roads. It would be well to know, in this connection, what is on Canada's mind. It is clear that British diplomacy is an expert on the law of possession.

Hayward, the blaspheming and scurrilous murderer, was hanged at Minneapolis last week; Durrant is to be hanged at San Francisco February 21, 1896. These two young men are probably of the same class—without fear, conscience or belief in woman, and a most revolting, fiendish and unnatural hatred and contempt for the sex. I propose that in such cases, hereafter, the press of the country give as little prominence as possible to details; for it is not to be doubted by any sane man, that such publication is a propellant impulse on morbid natures. Scholars who have investigated this subject are unanimous in their decision to this effect.

St. Louis is to have the Republican National Convention, June 16, 1896. As it is centrally situated and a railroad diverging-point with lines to all parts of the Union, the Mound City probably had the advantage of even Chicago, on the merits of the case. Then the St. Louis workers before the National Committee were watchful and persistent, and under the lead of Chauncy L. Filley made a model fight and deserved to win. It is probable that Chicago will have to make the fight against New York for the Democratic Convention. If the Democratic candidate is to be a Western or Southern man, Atlanta or Cincinnati may stand a chance. But the chances seem at present to favor New York and an Eastern standard-bearer for the Democracy.

The beginning of the end of Turkey's case is near at hand. The Sultan is gradually yielding to the demands of the Powers for the admittance of guardships before Constantinople. A half-million of Armenians are homeless and pursued by the fierce Kurds and Sheiks. The Christian world, at this joyful Christmas season, is looking on at these outrageous scenes of fiendishness in Asia Minor and at the desecration of the Holy Land by the same fanatical followers of the Prophet, who hold the birthplace of Christ with one hand while they butcher the helpless Armenians with the other—and all the time resting safe in both places because Christian nations are watching each other to get the largest share of and the smallest responsibility for the coming partition of Turkey.

The Philadelphia Wool Merchants' Association memorialized Congress last week asking for a wool tariff.

Representative Hainer of Nebraska has introduced a pension bill for the relief of Union soldiers and sailors who were confined in Confederate prisons but cannot prove resulting disability under the present pension laws. He claims, however, that there are many such who now in the evening of life are suffering from the results of their confinement. He proposes that two dollars be paid at once for each day spent in prison, and a pension of twelve dollars a month for the remainder of their lives. Congress would do an act of simple justice in taking care of all such cases in the manner proposed by the humane Mr. Hainer. Every body knows that there are deserving Union veterans who deserve pensions and are not getting them.



REHEARSING THE CHRISTMAS MUSIC.



A DREAM OF SANTA CLAUS.

THE WHITE LADY.

"The flax upon your distaff
Is yellow as your hair;
But why, on Christmas even,
Thus spin you, maiden fair?"
The joy-bells in the steeples
Are ringing clear and wide;
O stop the whirling spindle,
And put the flax aside!"
"Nay," but I may not, stranger,
Although I weary be,
Lest through the open shutter
Should peer the White Lady;
"And find my treadle idle,
My flax in tangled fold,
And on the merry morrow
Forget her gift of gold;
"For to the slothful maiden
She causeth sorrowing,
But to the thrifty toiler
A blessing she doth bring."
A soft touch at the shutter,
A face divine to see;
It is the fairy spinner,
It is the White Lady.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A BROWN PAPER PARCEL.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

YES, I think that mine is rather a strange story. Truth, you know, is always stranger than fiction—that is one of the truest things that ever was written.

It was just three years ago, at this very season of the year, with snow on the ground and all the shop-windows set out at their very smartest for the approaching festival which we are pleased to call "Merry." I was not dull myself, although I had no home circle to make Christmas for or with, but was as lonely a young woman as ever found herself stranded beside the tide of life.

My father, long years ago, was in the Army. I remember him when I was a wee toddling child—a long, lithe, soldierly figure, almost always wearing uniform or else white drill clothing, a delightful person whose pockets seemed at that time of day to be inexhaustible, and whose good-nature matched them. I remember quite well coming to England with my mother. I remember the big ship, and how mother cried as the Indian shores receded from her vision, and how ill I was during the first part of the voyage and how my dusky ayah used to sit crouched beside my berth, whispering softly to me as Indian ayahs have a way of doing. I remember my disgusted impressions of England, of "home," as my father and mother had always called it, and how my mother pined for her husband and the gay Indian life to which she had been so long accustomed. But I was delicate, too delicate for her to leave, too delicate to be taken back again, and so mother stayed in England, living, as I heard her express it plaintively one day to a friend, half a life.

And then there came awful news from India—news which told her that she would never go back again, news which told her that she would never live a whole life again in this world, news which brought the information that my gallant soldier-father was dead and my pretty, slight mother a widow. I must have been ten years old then, and from that time forward we lived with no other idea than to foster my health into something like strength and robustness.

I do not want to talk much about my young days—they were as uninteresting as most young people's youth is. We moved about from place to place, chiefly on the Continent, and it was during that time that I became imbued with that love of Art which dominated my all after life.

I was just one-and-twenty when my mother died. I think she felt, poor darling, that having traveled with me to years of discretion, she might slip away now and leave me, that she might take up her whole life again in the world beyond the skies. I have always felt sure that there was some such thought in my poor mother's mind. She seemed, as soon as I had attained my majority, as if her work in this world had come to an end, as if there was nothing more for her to do, and without any particular illness, beyond a gentle fading away and a wasting, she gradually dwindled and pined until there came a dread evening when I stood bathed in the full light of an Italian sunset and tried to realize that I had not, as far as I knew, a single relation in all the world.

My mother had left to me everything that she possessed, freely and absolutely. Among her papers, which were handed to me by the lawyer who came out to Italy as soon as he knew that my mother had passed away, was a letter written at the time she had made her will and evidently as soon as she had realized that her health was really seriously impaired. In this letter she explained to me some of her reasons for not having troubled me with trustees or guardians.

"You have been my constant companion," she wrote, "from the time that your dear father was taken away from me. I have tried to bring you up to be frank, open, sensible and self-reliant. I feel that my time with you is not very long now, and I want you to remember that I am leaving you secure in the consciousness that you will do what is best with your life."

Well, I had only myself to think of. I had, as the lawyer told me, about three hundred a year, well and safely invested in property which was not at all likely to deteriorate or come to any harm. I was as free as air to go whither I would, to follow any inclination that I chose. I had only one idea—I would study Art. I had studied Art more or less ever since my early childhood, so, after my mother's death, I made no great changes in my way of living, but I entered myself at Florence under a master whose severity was well known and whose success with his students was almost phenomenal. With him I remained for nearly a year; then some impulse drove me to leave Florence and set up my atelier in Paris. My atelier, did I say? I mean rather to set up myself in the atelier of a great French master.

I stayed there for the greater part of another year—indeed, until I was just three-and-twenty; then by one of those uncontrollable impulses which have moved and swayed me during my whole life, I became possessed of a desire to leave foreign cities and seek the great metropolis of my own country. I had never known very much of London, but I fell in love with it. Why, I can never tell, I have never been able to tell. I only know that there is not a street in all dear, dingy, dirty London which I do not love. London appeals to me. I don't know why; it is no use asking me the question.

Well, I had brought various artistic introductions and was very soon admitted into a society which pleased me and satisfied me more than any society which I had ever known. I did even more: I made a success, I won distinction, in a certain sense I became a vogue, and, surest test of all, I made money. Oh, how I loved my London life! I had a delightful flat and atelier in Holland Park; I was as free as air and as merry as the proverbial grig; I had shoals of charming friends and a few intimates. Was ever a young woman under five-and-twenty more absolutely blessed in this world than I? I had plenty of admirers, too, although it is true that I was no beauty—even the papers and society journals which interviewed me could not say that much; but they said that I was interesting, that I had a sweet, pensive face and wonderful, luminous eyes. For the rest, I was slight and small, and I was Bohemian to my finger-tips. Sometimes I fancy that my friends, or at least my acquaintances, said that I was peculiar. I had an unconquerable habit of being unable to stay long in one place. I loved change—change was the breath of my life. I love to change my furniture about, I would have liked to move house every three months. I loved a fresh atmosphere, I loved fresh clothes. I did not care so much as a bent ha'penny for dress as dress, or for fashion as fashion, but I loved the feeling of new stuff under my fingers; I seemed to gain vitality from fresh surroundings. So I never stayed very long in the atelier. I would work hard for six weeks, and then I would fold up my tents, like the Arabs, and steal away without saying a word to a soul and go and study rugged Cornish coasts, quaint Norman peasants, Breton fisherfolk, perhaps some new phase of Parisian life. I was fond of speaking of myself as a will-o'-the-wisp, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Had ever a woman an existence as free and unfettered as mine? I think, never.

Well, it happened, just before Christmas time three years ago, that I came back to my atelier from a long, delicious ramble among the Welsh mountains. Why I had chosen Wales to stay a couple of months in, I do not know; but I had stayed there for that time, and I had lived every minute of it. I was in a very happy frame of mind, for I had come back with my portfolios full of sketches and had broken what to me was new ground. I had seen pictures of Welsh scenery in spring and summer weather both, but in late autumn and early winter I had seen nothing quite like the sketches which I had been lucky enough to fix upon my painting blocks.

My domestic arrangements at the atelier were very simple. I had an old French woman—old, did I say? well, a woman of fifty or so—who cooked and did practically everything for me, excepting such work as was done by Maximilian, my German studio boy. He only came in the mornings and went away in the evenings. He did not sleep at the flat, but was a very useful boy, wore livery and did all the show part of the establishment.

I arrived home rather late in the evening; Maximilian had gone for the night, but Louise was awaiting me with a delicious little supper and a thousand welcomes. "So many letters, mademoiselle," she volubly informed me; "so many letters that I would seriously advise you to have your supper first and read them afterward."

"I can do both at once, Louise," I said, cheerily; "but I will certainly give my best attention to my supper. I am ravenous!"

I was ravenous. It was no compliment to Louise's cooking which made me make use of such a term. My supper was really so delicious that I did let my letters wait until I had disposed of it; then I settled down in front of the fire and began the delightful task of looking over the huge bundle of correspondence which had accumulated during my absence, for it was one of the rules of my life never to leave my address behind when going off on my little explorations.

I need not worry you by describing my letters; they were the usual kind of thing, and the most interesting, when I had put aside certain missives which meant commissions and money, was one from a lady of whom I had seen a little during the previous season, a lady living in the North of England, who was famous for her great house parties and her lavish hospitality. "I want you," she wrote, "to come to us for Christmas. It is our great time, we shall make an enormous fuss of you and we have delightful people coming to us then. Do let me know as soon as you possibly can whether you will be able to come or not, and if you can come two or three days before the actual festivity, the husband and I both hope that you will do so."

I never hesitated. I wrote a message, that Maximilian might take it to the nearest telegraph office the first thing in the morning, and in it I said: "Just returned from long stay in Wales. Delighted to come to you for Christmas. Shall travel north by the Scotsman on 23d." Then I went off to bed with the delightful feeling that I had an unusually happy time in front of me.

Three o'clock the next afternoon found me at King's Cross. I picked out a snug and comfortable first-class carriage and secured a corner seat. There was only one other occupant so far, a young widow, elegantly dressed, from under whose little Marie Stuart bonnet gleamed masses of crinkled golden hair. So far as I could judge she had a lovely young, pathetic face, soft gray eyes and a plaintive, innocent-looking mouth. "Are you going far?" she asked me, in a sweet, soft voice.

"I am going to Yorkshire," I answered.

"Oh! Well, I am not going further than Doncaster—at least I branch off there. I was so afraid the train would be very crowded, being so near to Christmas. How nice it will be if we have the carriage to ourselves!"

I agreed with her and told her it would be very nice, and indeed, she was so fascinating and so pathetically

young in her sombre, tell-tale dress that I very much hoped we might make the journey together without the addition of any more passengers.

It did not seem as if anybody else was meaning to intrude upon us, and we got very near to the time of departure when she suddenly uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Oh!" she exclaimed, putting her hand up to her forehead with a gesture of distress—"oh, dear, dear! I have quite forgotten. I must send off a telegram. I shall be back in two minutes; I have it written here in my bag. Don't let anybody take my corner, will you?"

"I won't," I replied, promptly; "but I don't think anybody will come, because it is getting rather late now."

She jumped out of the carriage and ran quickly along the platform. Left to myself, I not unnaturally fell to looking at her impedimenta. There was a large thick railway rug, a couple of yellow-backs, a small bundle of Christmas literature, and, in the rack above, was an umbrella, a cherry-wood stick with silver ornaments, and a large brown paper parcel very neatly tied up with string. "What a curious thing it is," my thoughts ran, "that women will always carry a parcel with them!" I, an old traveler had my rug and my something to read, but that was all.

At that moment the guard asked me for my ticket, and I told him not to lock the door because a lady was coming back. He obligingly left it open—I mean ajar. I kept looking out anxiously for my companion that was to be, but there was no sign of her. No, she did not come, and we started without her. Well, this was a pretty state of affairs! There was her stick and her umbrella and her rug and her books and her papers, and also the brown paper parcel. I pondered over what I had better do, whether I had better tell the guard when we stopped at Grantham, whether I had better put them out at Doncaster, as that was the place she would have to change at, and give them in charge of the people there. I felt quite disappointed not having her companionship. However, the train was already well on its way and it was no use making myself miserable for the sake of a woman I had never seen before and possibly might never see again, so I pulled up the window, folded up her rug and laid it on the seat, and tucked myself warmly and comfortably in my own corner. I read my papers, I glanced over the sheaf opposite, and then I heard something—something a little unusual, something for which I was not prepared, and straightway I looked up at that brown paper parcel in the rack above the empty seat which was to have been occupied by the golden-haired widow. Good heavens! Was the woman traveling with a baby in a brown paper parcel? Or was it a kitten? I drew a long breath and sat staring at it. No, it was a baby—a baby in a brown paper parcel! And I was alone in the carriage with it! What in the world should I do? Could I leave it there until we got to Grantham? Scarcely, for it was howling and yelling and screaming, not loud, passionate, temper-like kind of yells and screams, but a strangled sort of cry that sounded a long way off and feeble at that.

I could bear it no longer. I lifted the parcel down and undid the string which fastened it. Yes, it was a baby—a very small baby, very red, very golden as to the down which covered its head, beautifully dressed, warmly wrapped up in fine wool shawls and carefully tied up in brown paper through which a few holes had been pierced that it might not be suffocated. I took it out of its parcel. I was very nervous, because I had known very little about babies, and this one seemed to me younger and more awkward than any baby I had ever touched in my life before. It was not exactly cold, but it was not warm, and it cried as if it wanted something. Well, I had nothing for it. I imagined they gave babies milk, but I was not sure. I was so unnerved by its wailings and plainings that I began hurriedly to search its little garments—I mean the many soft shawls and wrappings which were about it—that I might find out whether its mother had left any food with it. Yes, actually, there was a bottle attached by a belt to its waist, and by the feeling of it it was still warm. There was something else—a card pinned to the elaborate robe in which the child was dressed—a card which I had time to look at as soon as the contents of the bottle had somewhat stopped the little creature's clamoring. On it was printed, or I should say written in printed characters, with a fine pen, these words: "This child's name is Dorothy. I implore you who find her to keep her until I come to claim her, which I shall do before very long. Pray don't cast this poor babe adrift. It is a heart-broken mother who asks this favor. She will eventually trace you through the railway company on whose line this child will be found."

So I was saddled with a baby! Somehow, I never thought of casting it adrift, not at all. I got out at Grantham, wired to my friends in Yorkshire that I should stay the night there, wired to Louise to come down by the next train to meet me, and I gave that baby into her charge, telling her something of its story, and sent her back to London; and the next morning I went on to join my friends in Yorkshire, my head full of it, and my tongue unable to keep off the subject.

And in that lonely old country house I met my fate—I met the one man, my king, for whom I had been waiting ever since my girl's heart had first told me that there was somewhere in this great lonely world another heart which would one day beat pulse for pulse with mine. And at the end of a fortnight I went back to my atelier, betrothed. How happy I was! Oh, how happy I was! I began to think that there must be spots on the sun and that they must show some time or other, and yet it all looked so bright ahead. There were no sun-spots as yet, no rain-clouds, nothing to mar the bright and brilliant beauty of the prospect which lay before me. He loved me and I him! He laughed at me, called me a "Dear little Quixotic idiot," making the half-contemptuous phrase into a golden compliment by the way he said it. He was speaking of the baby, of course, the little Dorothy. He understood me, or I thought so, and yet when less than a month had gone by and he brought his mother to see me, a change came.

She demanded—yes, I say the word advisedly—she demanded that I should send little Dorothy to the work-

house. I refused, pointblank—and that was the beginning of the end. I explained to my husband that was to be that I could not cut the little thing adrift. His answer fell like lead upon my heart: "My Geraldine," he said, with a curious, wistful tenderness, "I feel myself very awkwardly placed. My mother has taken it into her head that your compliance with or refusal in this matter is the test of your interest in that child. She is a very far-seeing woman, absolute in her power over my father, and if you refuse to part with the child they will wash their hands of me. I have been brought up to no profession, merely as the only son of a very rich man whose property is all at his own disposal. My mother would never brook a hint, a whisper to the effect that everything was not quite right with my wife."

"Do you mean—?" I began.

"I don't mean it, Geraldine," he said, simply; "but that is what my mother means."

"Then," said I, impulse moving me again, "then, Douglas, you and I had best part."

So we parted, my love and I, and I went on with my old life almost as it had been before—quite as it had been before, except for the aching pain in my heart, and the presence of that pink and white atom of humanity which had wrecked my life. Well, I was a woman, and could not blame the little child, the little innocent, frail fragment whose mother had abandoned it. I told Louise to get a nurse, and I did the best I could for it, always believing that one day she would come back, she would find me out, with her crinkled golden hair and her soft sweet voice, and it would be all made right between Douglas and me.

So two years went by. We went on—I, Louise, and the child and the child's nurse—pretty much in a humdrum way. Perhaps people wondered who the little toddling thing was that was seen about the studio. I let them wonder. I was a Bohemian, I cared for nothing; I had lost my great stake in life, what did I care for the lesser prizes?

I went everywhere, of course. I was a painter with a vogue, I was somebody. I had my admirers, my triumphs, my moments of brilliancy and my hours of pain. I never saw Douglas, I never saw any of his people; but one day when Dorothy was able to trot in and out of the studio and to call in her little sweet, cooing voice, so like the widow's, "Gera'dine! Gera'dine!" I met her.

It was at the Academy *soirée*. You know the kind of crush there is on those occasions, when women put on their prettiest frocks and their sweetest glances, and some people enjoy themselves very much and some people not at all. I saw her standing in a blaze of light, not dressed as a widow, but wearing white, diamonds scintillating among her crinkled golden hair—Oh! oh! I went up to her and said, "Don't you remember me?"

She looked at me with a perfectly blank gaze. "No," she said, "I am very sorry. Where did we meet?" It was the same voice, the same sweet, seductive, wooing kind of voice.

"You cannot have forgotten," I said, in a perfect agony. "Don't you remember more than two years ago that you took your place in the Scotsman to go North? You were going to Doncaster, there to change, and you left the carriage to send a telegram and you asked me to keep your seat. You left all your things behind, and—and—a brown paper parcel."

"No," she said; "I am very sorry. You are mistaking me."

"Oh, I am not mistaking you," I said. "Dorothy—she is with me—don't you want to see her? She runs about. I kept her, I did what you asked."

"My dear lady," she said, "I really don't know what you are speaking about."

"I am speaking of the little child that you left in the railway carriage. You were dressed in widow's weeds, you left your little baby tied up in a brown paper parcel—Oh, don't try to put me off like this. I knew you the moment my eyes fell upon you."

She looked round, half-hesitatingly. "I really—Oh, mother, dear, it is very awkward. This lady persists that—that—I left a baby in a railway carriage. Can you find Douglas?"

"Certainly; he went into the next room. I do not think you had better discuss the question any further with this lady," was the reply of the person to whom she had spoken.

I looked at her with a start, for the voice was familiar. Yes, it was Douglas's mother. "You?" I said to her.

"I see that you remember me," said Douglas's mother, very coldly; "but it is quite useless for you to try to implicate my son's wife in this affair. It is quite true that my son, after his acquaintance with you ceased—some time afterward—married this lady, who was a widow. She only had one child, which died some time before its father. I think, Alice, that I am justified in answering for you so far?"

"Oh, quite, dear mother. I never saw this lady before. She must be confusing me with somebody else."

"She is confusing you," said Douglas's mother, "with herself only. I think, on the whole, seeing that my son is married, that it would be better taste if you left us. You have the child, and there is nothing more to be said about it. It is quite useless to try to poison my mind and my son's mind against his wife and my dear daughter-in-law."

I came away and left them. I never saw him. It was a meeting that I could not have borne. So this woman, whose name I did not know, who had never been anything to me, neither friend nor acquaintance, had come strangely and mysteriously across my path, had shifted her burden upon my shoulders, had ruined my life and had broken my heart. She had not only taken away my husband from me, but she had left upon me the burden of her shame. I knew the whole story as well as if I had gone step by step with her along every inch of the way. It was fate that had been too strong for me; it was fate that had been good to her. And this was the sun-spot that I knew, that I felt must be somewhere! Well, it had blotted out my sun now, that great spot, and I was alone with the child that was not mine and which yet had twined itself about my heart so that I could not bring myself to put it away from me.

Yes, I went home, and I looked at the little child

asleep in its white cot, but I had not the heart to punish it for its mother's sin. After all, she had taken Douglas—my Douglas—and all the punishment in the world could not undo that marriage, could not give me back the lover who once was mine—king of my life—that other soul for which I had looked so long and had kept so short a time.

THAT CHRISTMAS; OR, MRS. DANVERS' MISTAKE.

BY THE REV. R. G. SOANS, B.A.

"DEAR me, what pretty writing! I wonder who it can be from?" and Mrs. Danvers looked very anxiously at a letter addressed in a lady's handwriting to her husband. "But I dare say George will tell me all about it," she said to herself, replacing the letter beside her husband's plate and busying herself with making the tea, a task she never intrusted to the cook.

Presently her husband came down, and remarked, as he took his place at the breakfast-table:

"We shall have a fine day for our row after all, Laura; it will be simply lovely at Richmond to-day."

"Yes, it will be delightful! Do you know, I've been thinking you've only taken me for a row twice during the whole month we have now been at home."

"Really! What a shame! Well, little wife, we must try and do better in future. One thing, I shan't be so tied now Kilburn is well again."

George Danvers was the junior partner in the firm of Brooke, Kilburn & Danvers, Solicitors, Broad Sanctuary. Two months before he had taken a house at Chiswick, and married Laura, the third daughter of the Rev. James Grey, Vicar of Barton, Kent, after a brief but happy engagement; and, so far, their married life was all that they could desire.

George was good-tempered, clever in his profession, and very handsome; but, best of all, he was an earnest Christian. Laura thought herself most happy to have won his love, and often wondered what he could have been attracted by in her; for she knew she was rather plain featured, though she had a sweet expression and a graceful figure. But she was very warm-hearted and affectionate, and as he had seen her in her home, it had seemed to him she was the very sunshine of it. Her parents, brothers and sisters instinctively looked to her for sympathy and assistance when they were in any difficulty; and her clever fingers and self-denying exertions were always ready to help those who were dear to her. And, indeed, it seemed as if she had no fault but one—which the lover had no opportunity of perceiving. Her father knew it, however, and he often warned her about it. She was inclined, he said, to put the worst construction on matters that she could not explain; and this tendency had already on several occasions caused her trouble and vexation in the past.

"Mind, Laura," said her father to her very seriously one day, just before her marriage, "that if you give way to this habit when you are a wife, if your trust in your husband is imperiled by it, you may wreck the happiness of your whole lifetime."

"Oh, papa!" cried Laura, in a tone of chagrin, "how could you think it? My trust in George could never fail! Even if appearances were ever—ever—dark, I could not for one moment distrust him."

Her father smiled, kissed her smooth brow, and said:

"Well, remember that in any mystery the simplest explanation is generally the safest and truest."

Well would it have been for Laura if she had always remembered this advice.

As her husband opened and read his letters that morning, she fixed her eyes upon him eagerly. Several of them, after perusal, he tossed on to her; but when he had hurriedly read the particular one—it was the only one in a large square envelope—which had excited her curiosity, he carefully replaced it in its envelope, and slipped it into an inner breast pocket.

Laura waited anxiously for a few moments, expecting, or at any rate hoping, he might allude to the contents of the letter; but no, his whole conversation during the continuance of the meal turned on the subject of their trip to Richmond. She felt aggrieved: she had no secrets from him, and he was quite at liberty to read all her letters, or at least to know what they were about. Her attention was distracted by these thoughts, so that her replies to his questions and remarks were of the very briefest character. She seemed to have lost interest in their projected excursion.

After breakfast something else of an unusual nature happened. Instead of hurrying off to the office, George went into the garden and began to busy himself with the flowers.

"George, dear," called out Laura from the breakfast-room window, "are you going to have a whole holiday to-day, because if so we might set off a little earlier?"

"A whole holiday, Laura," laughingly replied George; "not at all, but I have an engagement to fulfill on my way to the office, and it isn't until twenty minutes to eleven, so I'm putting in a little time in the garden."

Immediately Laura began to wonder whether this engagement had anything to do with the letter which he had kept from her. But she hardly liked to ask him. It would seem as if she were trying to force his confidence.

"Good-by, Laura," he said, as he left the house at half-past ten; "mind I shall call for you at two o'clock. Take care you've had your lunch, and got your things on. That's the correct expression, isn't it? It won't take me a moment to put on my flannels."

Then he gave her a hasty kiss, and the next minute he was gone.

It was simply lovely on the Thames that May afternoon. The sky was guiltless of even the smallest cloud; but a gentle breeze just tempered the burning rays of the sun. The trees fringing the banks of the river were beginning to change the tender green of spring for the darker hues of summer. Around them was the twittering of countless swallows, darting in eager haste after their insect prey. Overhead the rich, tremulous song of the lark rose ever higher and higher toward heaven's gate.

But poor Laura seemed both death and blind to the beauties of Nature, as she brooded over what she con-

sidered George's want of trust; thinking, too, more than once that perhaps he had a good reason for his silence.

As for George, he hardly noticed how silent his young wife was, for he felt intensely happy, and imagined she was sharing to the full his feelings. Moreover, he quite believed in a sociable silence, and thought it was possible to enjoy the charms of Nature without any outward expression, at least in words, of the rapture he was feeling.

Gradually, however, under the influence of the varied beauties which lay before her, Laura's ill-humor melted away; and then, as her better feelings were allowed full play, she began to look more reasonably on the matter which had been troubling her. Perhaps she was magnifying the merest trifle into a reason for distrusting her husband. The letter might be a business circular which concerned the office and not the home. Yes, it was quite true, as her father had often told her, that she was inclined to put the worst construction on things she could not understand. She had promised him she would try to cure herself of the habit, and she would do so. George loved her, and she loved him. Then why should they not always be happy together?

Before she could answer this question George turned to her, with a bright smile, asking: "Isn't this delightful, Laura?"

His wife colored a little before she replied:

"I began to think so now; but I didn't enjoy it at first. I've—I've been in a bad temper all the morning, George."

"Have you?" said George. "Then allow me to say I think you're a very wise little woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, dear; but I don't quite see why I deserved it this morning?" and she looked inquiringly at him.

"Why, my dear, because you've managed to keep your feelings so entirely to yourself. Don't you know the golden rule? When you're in a bad temper, keep quite silent until you feel better."

"I'm afraid I felt too bad-tempered even to wish to speak," replied Laura, demurely; "but now I feel quite recovered, and I'm going to make up for lost time."

In the evening they returned home, declaring they had spent a very happy afternoon.

The beautiful summer glided past like a long and happy dream to the young couple, and no shadow marred the brightness of their married joy. But, in the autumn, on two occasions, Laura felt piqued and inclined to be resentful, because she noticed that her husband again received letters addressed to him in the same pretty handwriting which had excited her curiosity, and each time he carefully put them out of sight, when he had glanced over their contents. Each time, too, he lingered at home, as he had done before, until half-past ten, saying that he had an engagement on his way to the office, but not explaining anything more about it. The last time this occurred Laura felt so vexed that she showed an irritability to her husband for some few days afterward, which very much surprised and distressed him. Surely she was not going to turn out unamiable! No, she could not be well, he thought, kindly; and so he redoubled his attentions, and was so good to her that she loved him more than ever, and told herself that he was all that he should be, and she would never, never doubt him.

They made plans for a very happy, sociable Christmas. They would have some very dear old friends to dinner on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day they would dine at Laura's old home, and persuade the whole home-party to come over and dine with them on New Year's Day.

And the poor should not be forgotten either. They would invite a number of the poorest and most deserving old people in the parish to tea, and devote one evening in Christmas week to their entertainment. They were so happy themselves, they must make others happy. "Freely ye have received, freely give," was surely a most laudable injunction.

Laura, being a very young housekeeper, wisely set about her preparations in good time, and she and her cook held long consultations about mince meat, plum puddings, and so on. George laughed sometimes at the amount of energy his girl-wife was displaying; but, nothing daunted, she worked on. She was determined he should be astonished at her able management, and proud of the result. Last of all she had every room in the house thoroughly swept and dusted, and, as she had only two servants, she assisted with the latter work herself.

One morning, only two days before Christmas, when all this work was nearly done, she was busy turning out a wazibro of her husband's, and brushing and carefully putting into it some of his "things," when, while shaking a coat, a letter flew out of the breast pocket on the floor, and, as she stooped to pick it up, she saw that it was one of those from George's lady correspondent which had, on at least three occasions, excited her curiosity and concern. Her heart sank within her at the sight of the graceful writing. This letter was addressed to George at the office. It was evidently not a letter meant for the firm. It was a private letter, intended for his eyes alone. How many more had he received at the office, she wondered, while she had been busy at home working for him, that he might hospitably entertain his guests during the Christmas week, to which they had been looking forward so long? The thought was most distressing, and Laura, almost distracted with grief, sank trembling on the couch, covering her face with her hands, as the scalding tears poured from her eyes.

All her former feelings of suspicion and mistrust came back with renewed strength. Once again, she was that most miserable woman, a jealous, distrustful wife.

For some moments she sat still where she was, feeling quite overwhelmed. What was the mystery about those letters? It seemed a mystery that threatened to destroy her life's happiness.

Her eyes fell once more on the letter, which had slipped from her nervous fingers to the floor.

There was the key to it all.

(Concluded in next number.)

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures aches of the stomach, relieves wind, colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea which arises from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM



THE ANNUNCIATION





ANGELS ANNOUNCING THE RESURRECTION



SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME



THE THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB

"They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule."—*Tennyson*.

A DINNER, A GOWN, AND A SPEECH.
BY LEONORA BECK.

I WAS making a mental memorandum that went like this:

Three yards black velvet ribbon	\$0.90
Three-quarters yard pink silk	.50
One and two-thirds yards blue chamois	.24
Crinoline	.25
Lamings	.56
Skirt binding	.25
Spool of sewing silk	.09
Shoe polish	.15
Gloves	1.25
Bonnet-form	.25
Agrettes	.50
	\$4.94

I could not begin to tell you how many times I had gone over that in my mind, trying to reduce each item to yet smaller proportions. But now I could only despairfully accept the ultimate sum, for not another cent showed itself capable of being dispensed with. There ought to have been some comfort to me in the recollection that when I started, a week ago, to puzzle my ingenuity over this list, it had counted up twice as appalling in financial results. I had succeeded in cutting out several items *in toto*, and in reducing figures on others until this was reached.

But the solace was meager: five dollars seemed as unattainable to me as ten just at that time.

I still hurried down toward the shop where I could purchase these items at the figures I had mentally made. Impossible to tell why I was going thither, for I was perfectly aware that I had only ten cents in my purse, had had only this for a fortnight, and had no reason to expect more soon. Yet on with the tide of shoppers I went, longing with almost the pathetic intensity of a child for some sudden stroke of fortune like a fairy gift or Aladdin's juggling. I picked my way over a crowded crossing, and, on the further side, I hesitated a moment as to whether I should walk on for another block or turn now and go back to our boarding-place.

Some one touched me, with "Excuse me, madam," and I faced him. He was holding out a five-dollar bill to me, saying, "You dropped this from your muff!"

Dazed between reality and the brief recall of fairy-faith, I took it eagerly, only whispering, "Thank you." The man hastened on, and I stood still, mechanically fingering the money that would enable me to go to the Directors' dinner with George. It was probably a whole round of sixty seconds before I realized what had happened. The hot blood surged to my temples, as something rose up within me, whispering, "You are no better than a thief!"

I fairly ran in the direction the man had taken, sure that I should recognize him in any crowd; and soon I saw him leaving a fruit-stand not far in front of me. I hurried after him, desperately calling, "Please stop!" as he started up the steps to the Sixth Avenue "L." But in the din he did not hear me, and I pursued him up the steps, with my heart beating furiously and my breath coming in pants. He was through the gate and down the platform when I ran past the ticket window. The guard stopped me with his cold, "Ticket, ticket!" and I turned back almost sobbing. My hands trembled from the painful excitement and the running that I lost some seconds in finding the solitary dime in my pocketbook. I shoved it in at the window finally, gasping, "One, please!" and seized the ticket without my change. As I reached the platform the uptown train moved off, and disappearing within its door was the well-dressed, portly and prosperous-looking gentleman who had taken me for the owner of the five-dollar bill which he had picked up on the crossing.

I dropped upon the bench, afraid to burst out crying, as one of the guards, who had brought me my nickel in change, was staring curiously at me, and I felt as if he knew that I had money which did not belong to me. Ashamed to turn back and go down the steps past his inquisitive eyes, I took the next train, scarcely caring where I went.

At the Fifth Street station I aroused myself and got off, walking aimlessly up to Fifth Avenue, still oppressed and dazed by my guilt. I heard the great organ of St. Patrick's and wandered in, like some sleep-walker obeying unknown impulses.

I have always been grateful to that half-hour of music; it soothed and soothed me as nothing else could have done. When it was ended, I slipped out from my dark pew and over to the alms-box, dropping the five-dollar bill quickly into it.

You who are so much better and stronger than I cannot understand how the suddenness of that temptation overcame me. But perhaps you can pardon my weakness somewhat when I tell you how cruelly I was placed at that time.

George and I had been living a year in New York, growing poorer all the time. The money he had from the sale of his business and our pretty little home in P— he had invested in a corporation scheme here from which he was having no returns. Fortunately, in a moment of prudence he had arranged for our board and lodgings a year in advance, and this alone saved us from utmost embarrassment and perhaps actual want. Months before the ordeal of the five dollars, I realized with many a pang that my dear husband was denying himself everything that cost money: was walking often when he should ride, doing without luncheons except when he had time to walk out to our boarding-house for it, wearing his old hats and ties, going ungloved, and failing to get new handkerchiefs and socks when I reminded him urgently that he needed them. These little things cut me to the heart as few deprivations of my own could ever have done.

Long ago we had given up theatre and opera, and soon we were skipping our little Saturday afternoon outings and our Sunday night "treats." George was so sensitive and proud that I never made allusion to such changes, going on as if I did not see them. When he asked about my wardrobe, I always answered that I needed nothing whatever for the present. I had kept up a tolerable appearance by turning and remodeling my old clothes and hats, and I would not let him give

me a cent of money to spend on myself when I knew that he would make it up out of his own lunches and car-fare.

But I was appalled when he came in that day so full of enthusiasm over the Directors' dinner. "Lida, sweetheart, you are to go looking as pretty as possible. You have been pale lately because you have stayed at home and read too much. But you must go out in the sunshine and air every day now and bring the color back to your cheeks. I want my little wife to look as sweet as a fresh tea-rose at the banquet, and soften the hearts of those stony Directors like Seidell and Meade who are pursuing a policy that is not bad for them but ruinous for us who have too little to spend years in waiting. I'm put down for an after-dinner speech, you see, dear, and I can hit at just the right spot, although seemingly in playfulness. The blow will hurt nobody at the moment of mellowness and good-fellowship, but will be effective. Meantime, you are to be charming to old Seidell, and I believe the day is ours. Really, I'm counting on *everything* from this dinner."

How could I fling a cold shower upon his ardent enthusiasm and hope by telling him that I had not a decent dinner-dress? Yet such was the plain truth. I listened to him and smiled on him, and entered into his ardor day after day, yet haunted all the time by the fact that I could not possibly appear at the dinner in any costume I had; my wardrobe was utterly depleted. Except for one or two house-gowns fast growing shabby, one street-dress not so bad, and a few odds and ends out of date, I had absolutely nothing.

What a comfort clothes are! You who have never been in such a strait cannot realize the force of this sentiment.

It was the first of December when George told me of the dinner, set for the 25th; and two weeks of the intervening time had already gone when I had that painful experience with the money found on the crossing. You can at least understand better now how desperately beset I was when the sudden temptation found me and swept me from my moorings. I knew that my husband would not go to the dinner if I confessed to him that I could not go—and why. If I should feign sickness, it would alarm him that he would not leave me, for sickness was utterly novel to me. And yet George *must* go: so much probably depended upon it.

I had at first gone carefully over all my apparel; and I found that with a good deal of nice workmanship and some additional material I could construct a wholly respectable and perhaps rather attractive costume out of a few remains of past finery. There was that black brocade silk I had put away years ago, thinking to use it some day for trimmings. I was always cunning with scissors and needle, and I knew just how to take off the train, reshape the skirt, and put the heavy box in the back. This would do admirably, as the train was the only part worn and soiled. But I must have new crinoline, linings and binding.

The more delicate problem of a waist came next. The brocade could not be thought of, as it had no sleeves, and the train could not be used for half-sleeves, because it was too much worn; moreover, I could not afford evening gloves, flowers and fan—essential concomitants of such a costume.

So from another trunk I brought to light a very pretty lilac *soie de chine*. It was laughably out of date as to pattern, but had kept its tinting well, contrary to the usual rule with lilacs. It had been carefully put away in almost its first freshness, as my trousseau had displaced it, and I had never needed to resurrect it until the present time. The waist of this, I found with joy, could be used; new sleeves could easily be made from the full skirt, but the square-cut neck must be partially filled.

With three-quarters of a yard of pink silk, some velvet ribbon, and the handsome black lace from the brocade, and also the necessary sleeve-linings and kindred things, I could make this into a really charming half-evening waist, I thought. Gloves I must have—but I had found where some bargains were. Shoes—well, mine were undeniably shabby, but I must get over that with some polish. Fortunately, I never run them to one side or twist them out of shape. A bonnet, this, too, came off of the list soon, for I concluded that with a new form and aigrettes I could construct a pretty little affair: I had handsome lilac ribbon from the dress and two exquisite pink roses put away from one of my bridal hats. I brought the list down gradually until it reached the minimum shape I told you of when I began. But not another item could be cut off, for everything was a necessity to a barely respectable appearance at the dinner.

Then came my temptation and fall as I have already related without sparing myself. For two or three days after I put that bill in the alms-box at St. Patrick's I did not dare think about the dinner or the dress, but went around so pale and listless that George began to be anxious, and to worry. I still did not tell him, although I knew that confession must come soon. The 25th was only five days off.

I sat down by his desk with weariness and despondency that morning after he went to his office; and, half in idleness, half to beguile my thoughts, I began to trace out a word-design of an evening costume that I should have made for myself straightway if "my ship" should suddenly come sailing in. It diverted me, I found, and I went on, changing, modifying and adding to it, making it more original and more beautiful all the time, it seemed to me. When it was finished, it pleased me greatly, and I felt that I might afford another such barmacidal gratification of taste. So I began anew and constructed me a really handsome street-dress, and next a home-gown out of delicate, pliant stuffs. Suddenly an idea came to me and I sprang up, hastily put on my hat and wrap, caught up my gloves, with my designs, and hurried down the street.

I did not realize my daring until I was ushered into the office, and then I was badly frightened, too frightened to explain myself fully. But the soft-eyed little woman was kind to me, although she did not say much. She motioned the staring messenger boy back to his post, and sent the typewriter girl to work. She took my papers, and by a few gentle words she made me feel that it was all right, anyway, and that I had not been audacious in bringing them, but had done her a favor. She could not say that she would use them,

because there were so many designs and so little originality; but I must not feel badly—all honest trying was worthy and right. She would look over them and would let me know.

I went back home, and had another afternoon of harassed thinking and despair, but ended by resolving that any more of this sort of torture was wrong: I simply could not get the money for those necessary things, and I must accept it thus and urge George to be sensible and go to the dinner alone.

I was going to tell him that night. But how could I when he began, "Listen, little wife, and see if my after-dinner speech goes smoothly; I have it finished and polished now as far as I am able, and you must be my critic!"

He went through with it in what I considered the style of a most eloquent orator. It was a good speech, and that bit was as neat as possible, I thought, and in just the right place and with just the due degree of force.

I longed inexpressibly then to go and hear him, and encourage him as I felt that only my presence could do; and I longed, too, most childishly for the lights and the glitter, the animated faces, gay voices, music and brightness. Remember, I was still very young, and I had been cut off from all social pleasures for a year.

But George must not know that I cared or even thought of it: I would not tell him to-night, for I did not know how far he might humiliate his pride to get me the necessary money. I would wait until it was too late for me to use it, and also too late for him to refuse to go. My heart gave a thump when he suddenly said: "What are you going to wear, Lida?"

But I swallowed a sob, and answered gayly enough: "What are *you* going to wear, milord? Let us go this moment and unearth that dress suit and shake out the camphor fumes, and see if your recently lost flesh is missed from it when it is on you. What a blessing that man's garments of state do not utterly change every season as woman's do!"

I fear that I was listless and heavy-eyed the next day at breakfast. However, I sent George off cheerily—but sat down to a morning of despair. The postman's third round aroused me, for he brought me a letter in an unfamiliar hand. I opened it and found a check for five dollars—my Christmas gift! But I had earned it, for it came from the editor of the fashion magazine I had visited the day before. She wrote that my designs were clever and tasteful, and so well adapted to the prevailing modes and the season's demands that she had slipped them into the issue just going to press and hence made me immediate payment. I am sure that she had divined how much I needed "immediate payment"—dear woman!

The Directors' Christmas dinner was a success, and so was George's speech; the gown was likewise pronounced the same by those chiefly concerned. George dimly recognized the lilac waist, and declared that he felt as if wooing days had returned.

But Director Seidell, who magnanimously took me in to dinner, found out more about that costume than my husband knew. He was a blunt, practical old fellow, but with a soft, fatherly spot somewhere in his heart; and he was inveighing against the social extravagances of the day, which led, he declared vehemently, to hasty, inadequate and premature business methods. "For example," he said, "my dear, your husband is opposed to the 'waiting policy' of our concern. How can he help being so when a pretty young matron like you sits at home demanding to wear handsome gowns like this?"

I could not tell how it came about, but in a moment I was pouring out to him the whole story of the dress I wore. Something drove me on, half irritation and half a sense of pathetic injustice. I was suffused with blushes when I finished, and I longed to run away. But his eyes were kind and moist, and George's speech came next.

To this day we have scarcely known which to thank most for our better fortunes—the dinner, the gown, or the speech.

TRUTH, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be, the edifice—the character, the manhood—will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.

BISHOP DUDLEY.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a clerk in a dry goods store he sold a woman a little quantity of goods amounting in value, by the reckoning, to \$2.06. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and one-quarter cents too much. It was night, but after the store had been closed and locked up, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of the defrauded customer, and delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

THERE are spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, which spin threads so fine that it takes four thousand of them to equal the thickness of a single hair.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, he has sent the elixir to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 829 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DECEMBER 19, 1895.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

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THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB

A MERRY, merry Christmas to my dear young friends of The Happy Thought Club, scattered as you are almost from Maine to California, and yet so closely united with one great interest and one common aim. If wishes would only "come true" every one of you would have a stocking filled so full by dear old Santa Claus that "more than half it held would have to be piled up on the floor," as one little girl said, and the boughs of every Christmas tree would be so weighted with presents that they would bend as far as they could without breaking. And, best wish of all, your hearts would be so filled with joy and gladness—with happy thoughts—that

the lips would be quick to utter helpful words of cheer, the eyes and lips to smile glad tidings, the feet to move swiftly on errands of kindness, always keeping in the path of right, and the hands would be ever outreached and quick to grasp opportunities for performing kindly deeds.

May the Christmas of 1895 be to you all the merriest, the gladdest, the happiest that has ever been the portion of any member of our club, filled to the brim with real pleasure. It will be, I am sure, to those of our number whose hearts are overflowing with the happy thought of doing good to others, for one's own pleasures are then so much brighter. Several of our clubs have planned to help the poor at this time, and I hope all such will report just what they accomplished.

I would like to help ring the chimes to-day that should voice happy thoughts, happy thoughts to every member of our club, and to make the joy bells peal out as never before. "Peace on earth, good will to men," will surely reign supreme when happy thoughts possess every heart, and the grandest, sweetest and purest, the chiefest of all happy thoughts, holds supreme sway there.

Among the many words of encouragement that are being received from parents is the following extract from a letter received from the father of our youngest organizer, little Irma Lindgren:

Greenville, Texas, Nov. 25, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—* * * * * That the little folks are enjoying the same (The Happy Thought Club) is only expressing it mildly, and it will prove very beneficial to them if they continue with the same interest as at present. There is only one objection I have, and that is, previous to The Happy Thought Club organization, I had COLLIER'S WEEKLY all to myself: now the little folks can hardly wait from one week to another for the paper, so eager are they to see the news of The Happy Thought Club. But I resign with grace: any pleasure to them is a pleasure to me, hence accept my compliments on your exceedingly bright idea. The effort is well named "Happy Thoughts."

Respectfully, J. G. LINDGREN.

A WORKING CLUB.

New York, Nov. 24, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—It affords me great pleasure to write to you again, informing you that my club has had its fourth regular meeting this afternoon at 4 P.M., at 175 E. Broadway. At this meeting, which might be called an entertainment, for all were ready to deliver recitations, to sing and to amuse the members in general, we have had an elegant time, and with regrets did we leave when a motion was made to adjourn. Now, we have been debating as to what will be the best way to assist the poor. Some suggested that the committee should go to the parents and distribute tickets to the poor children, and others maintained that it would be best to distribute tickets which would invite the poor children to our entertainments where they could be amused, and to every one should be given a surprise when leaving. Now, are not these happy thoughts? I regret to say that we could not decide which was best, for both are grand, and I believe a special meeting will be called some day this week to determine it. On Thursday next, which will be Thanksgiving, we are to have our first "grand entertainment," when we will invite visitors, and surprises will be prepared by the members. And, I certainly believe we will have a "big time." When I read last week's paper about the members, I began to think if we really could not have older members in our club, and I made a motion to-day to appoint them as honorary members. Now in this way we will elect our parents as members, and I believe it will assist us considerably. To-morrow I will send one dollar for the charter, for my club. I am inventing some way to raise money for badges.

JAMES INDORSKY.

Your club has begun a work worthy of noble Christian men and women. Energy, combined with thoughtfulness and excellent judgment, and tender hearts that feel for the sufferings of others, are all shown. Both plans are excellent, and we shall all wish to know which was finally decided upon. Electing your parents as honorary members was indeed a happy thought.

Petaluma, Cal., Nov. 18, 1895.

We held a meeting Saturday afternoon, with an attendance of seven members, and we expect to take in several new members at our next meeting. Our club of course is too small to have many officers, but we hope to have many more members soon. I will give the list of charter and new members. Our president is Mable Sneed; vice-president, Pearl Winans; secretary, Lizzie Goshen, and treasurer, Beatrice Atwater. We have a committee of three to get new members. It consists of Ruth Winans, Tessie Sneed and Maud Norton. The new members we are to take at the next meeting are Gertrude Coate, Dora Rundt and Maud Gandy. Our next meeting is to be next Saturday, at 2 P.M., at Mable Sneed's. Our initiation fee is five dollars. We expect to give a Christmas social, and the proceeds will be devoted to charity. We are only little girls, but hope to be benefited by our club.

Yours truly, PEARL WINANS.

The encouraging reports that are constantly being received are sources of sincere gratification. One of the best indications of the strength this movement has, is the increased steady growth so many clubs report. The appointment of a committee to secure new members was a happy thought. If all the "little girls" in America would interest themselves in charity as you are doing, a vast amount of suffering would be relieved through their efforts. May the Christmas social be very successful, and may your pleasure in it be many times enhanced through the labor of love for others.

LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED.

WHEN your liver stops work, your life is in danger. It is a serious matter to clog up the sewage of the whole body. If you neglect the first sign of constipation it is liable to become chronic and hard to cure. At all stages Cascarets (candy cathartics) pure vegetable, come to the rescue and restore the liver to natural action. Just a sample will prove Cascarets cure constipation. Mailed for your name on a postal-free. Please mention this paper. The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

It is Christlike to do good, even though we can only "follow a great way off."

Arkansas City, Kan., Nov. 14, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—* * * * * I am very much interested in our club, and we have such a nice club now. Three new members were proposed at our last meeting. Their names are as follows: Pansy Brayton, Verna Croft and Jessie McWilliams. Our members all like to come to the club, and since I am president, I try to make it pleasant for them. We have adopted Bible reading in our club. Will you please mention some happy thoughts in your next?

Yours, Edna Allen.

I am very glad to learn of every additional member a club gains. The Bible reading is a very happy thought. Among those I would suggest is the resolve to speak a pleasant word to all we meet whom we know. We never can tell just how much good a cheery word will do. We never know who may be oppressed by some sorrow that a sunshiny smile, a tender word and a kindly interest will lighten.

38 Division St., New York, Nov. 23, 1895.

DEAR SIR—Having glanced over COLLIER'S WEEKLY, I spied the subject of Happy Thought Club. Thinking it a good plan for the happiness of others, I began at once by selecting members to form this club. The meeting being Saturday night, we had twelve members: Mary Rosenmann, first vice-president; Esther Durkin, second vice-president; Bertha Solomon, secretary, and Sarah Schwartz, treasurer.

Yours respectfully, ANNIE COREN.

Welcome, Annie, and the best of success to your club. May it be active and earnest in all good works, helpful to yourselves and to others, and may you all have just the pleasantest times at every meeting.

106 Broadway, Newburg, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1895.

DEAR SIR—* * * * * I am enclosing a list of names of members formed. At that meeting we elected the following officers: Mary C. Burke, president; Anna M. Bannon, first vice-president; Katie F. Durkin, second vice-president; Little F. Maher, secretary; Katie H. Kelly, assistant secretary; Loretta Kinsley, treasurer; Marie F. Ryan, assistant treasurer; Lucy C. Nash, Anna L. Irwin and Marion Delany, committee. Our initiation fee is five cents, a penny a week and five cents the first of the month. We had seventy-eight cents in the treasury, but now we have only forty; with the other thirty-eight we bought our colors; they are made in a triple knot, and look very pretty. Every member is lined if their colors are not on their coats during the week. * * *

Your loving friend, MARY C. BURKE.

That is certainly a happy thought. I hope the colors and the badges will become so dear to our members on account of the precious meaning they enfold that it will be quite out of the question for any one to be seen at any time or place without them. How delightful it would be to some time, perhaps when visiting friends away from home, meet another who was wearing a Happy Thought Badge. From the very moment we spied the glistening, shining badge, its wearer would cease, I think, to be a stranger; we would feel as if reuniting to a member of our very own family.

WHICH IS THE BANNER CLUB NOW?

Oakland, Cal., Nov. 24, 1895.

DEAR MRS. S. S. WOOD—I see by COLLIER'S WEEKLY that California is not going to have the honor of having the first H. T. C. and words fail to express our disappointment, but there is one thing our club is going to have, and that is a good many happy thoughts, and one more to add to help us poor down the hill. We have tried to make people as happy as we can. We have had the best times possible, rain or shine. We have had weekly meetings ever since I sent you the first letter. We meet Friday evenings at seven o'clock sharp, and after our business of the club is attended to we spend the rest of the evening till ten o'clock with games and refreshments. We have fitted up a basement and have a fire to make it comfortable when it is cold; if it is very cold we have a blazing fire with hot chocolate and cakes; then again we have candy pulls or popcorn parties, and once a month a regular social. Our initiation is ten cents, and five cents a week. We started with sixteen members, and one more joined us till now we have twenty-four. Mr. Wright, a pattern-maker in the Iron Works, made us a beautiful travel to call the meeting to order with. His son, Edward Wright, is our president. Mr. Paulinbaum, one of the head members of the Odd Fellows, came and gave us some points about a Lodge. Some day we are going to build our own club rooms and name it COLLIER'S WEEKLY for the home of the H. T. C. * * * * * Our vice-president, Forest Brelin, is lately from Portland where he has a host of young friends, and he is going to write and have them organize a club, and tell the the good times we have. We are going to have uniforms and banners and march in procession and have a voice in the campaign and political one day, one of the members of our club will be President, and if ever we do send out a President he will be a good one because his thoughts and deeds will be different from men who never belonged to a H. T. C. Our boys are going to work for glory and fame and for the good we can do. Will you tell us next time about the badges and charter? * * * * * You see we can have a club if we don't get a prize; we can have lots of fun, and anyway it is an idea, and one we do not think of before. * * * * *

GEORGE STEPHENS.

You have probably learned before this through the columns of COLLIER'S WEEKLY all about the badges and charter. It requires some time to perfect all the details of so large a movement as is the Happy Thought, and the young people have been very patient in waiting. I hope some member from your club will by and be President of our country. The H. T. C. boys are already learning a great deal that will help to fit them for the position, and I am sure all the fellow-members will *hurrah* with right good will. I am personally very grateful for the kind assistance your older friends have rendered.

612 E. 6th St., Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 25, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—I am not a member of any Happy Thought Club yet, but hope to join very soon. You said for any one to write that wanted to, and to say exactly what they thought of the Happy Thought Club movement. It can only amount to something good, and something good is something worth joining for, and I will try and join the first local club that is organized in this city. What a heavenly title—"Happy Thoughts!" The very words are a part of heaven. A chain of bountiful good meanings would encircle the earth numberless times, forming a pyramid that would touch the earth with its topmost link. Oh! Happy Thought, you heavenly unit! Accept this enigma of yourself and answer it for me with your own sweet title:

A HEAVENLY UNIT.

"Tis plain to me, O Happy Thought,
That you and I are one;
Yes, you were I and were you;
Since we were first begun;
For even when I think of you
I find it's you that does it;
So who are you and who am I
That form this Heavenly Unit?

(Linn—A Happy Thought.)

A pleasant Christmas to all members of the Happy Thought Club is no doubt anticipated. I hope to be one of you by that time—any way. Success and best wishes to all. Your friend, JIMMY WARD.

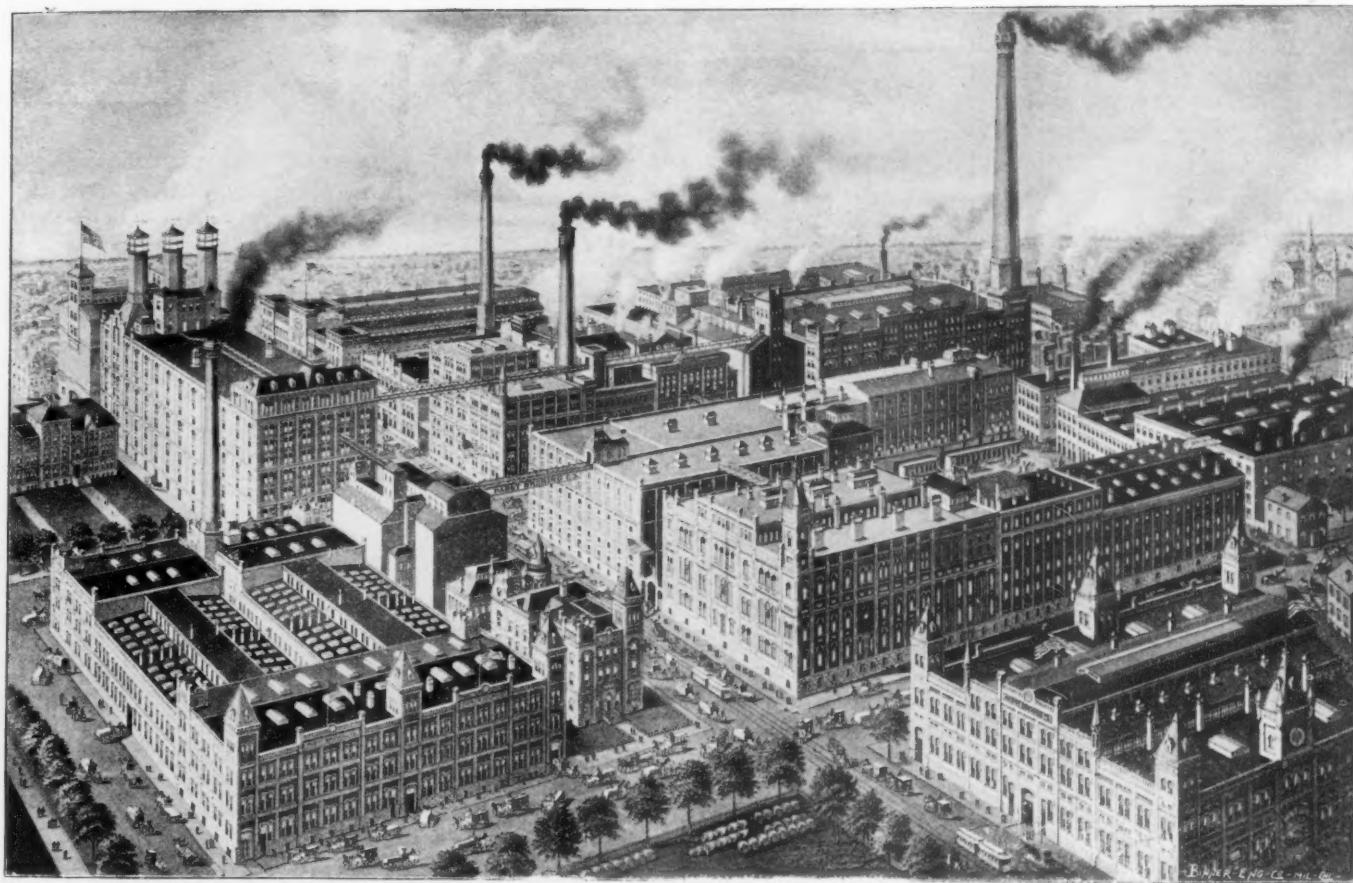
Many thanks for your letter and enigma. Why have you no club? I should be delighted to have a boy like you not only among our members, but among our organizers, and am confident that a very warm welcome would be accorded you.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.

To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of \$2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes the first month's subscription. The same will be given to the organizer of a club of fifteen members, or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, a handsome gold badge will be given every organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes the first month's subscription. 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A PERILOUS ASCENT.



THE LARGEST BREWERY IN THE WORLD.

"PABST-MILWAUKEE."

AN artist traveling abroad went to Germany to find the artistic side of the brewing industry. Upon his return he declared that after diligent search he had been "unable to find a brewery." From common report, he had been led to believe that Germany was supreme in the production of a beverage which is as characteristically Teutonic as pulque is Mexican. A traveler in England determined to see Burton. He found a large collection of small, dingy buildings, a series of long sheds, a network of railroad tracks, large quantities of empty barrels, and withal an aggregation of enormous business enterprise, but without coherence and without the immensity of the establishment making itself apparent. It is indisputable, popular impression notwithstanding, that the brewing business, as conducted in America, is incomparably in advance of anything which the old countries can show, and there is not another country in which can be found a collection of massive, imposing, practical, and elegant buildings equal to those illustrated in the bird's-eye view of the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee. We of America are modern; we have seized every scientific attainment of the century, put it to practical use, and have developed a perfection in the art of brewing born of the experience of all the ages which have passed.

Contrary again to the very general impression, in the brewing industry to-day there is most absolute and scrupulous cleanliness. Cleanliness has become a scientific necessity. A malt-house to-day has become a mechanical triumph; it is one complete machine where even the air is washed and filtered before it is permitted to touch the sprouting grain. The yeast, with which the housewife used to be familiar, is grown from the single, microscopic, selected germ found by experiment to be perfect, grown in sterilized apparatus as a pure culture, and is the production of as intricate and delicate scientific investigations as are necessary in the determination of a trace of organic matter in the crystalline water of a living spring. Even the cold, which is "manufactured," that the silent storage casks containing the amber product may remain at the proper temperature the year through, is produced by a mechan-

ism of ice-machines so exceedingly intricate in their development, it seems as though the mechanical engineer and the physical scientist had been blessed by the god of invention.

Think of a single business institution which uses the product of a hundred thousand acres of barley annually; which uses nearly two million pounds of hops; which consumes a hundred thousand tons of coal; which ships daily to all parts of the world an average of seventy-five car-loads of lager beer; an institution whose empty packages, if packed into cars, would form a train one hundred and sixty miles long; an institution whose production is so enormous that, although but twelve per cent is bottled, it makes over forty million separate packages, mostly quarts. Such an institution is the Pabst Brewing Company.

Fifty years ago, when the Pabst Brewing Company was founded, their product amounted to approximately three hundred barrels per year, none of which was bottled, and all of which was consumed locally, most of it in one small garden. To-day the product is three hundred barrels per hour. It is useless to go into the details of enterprise, of intelligent application and business development, into the personality of Fred. Pabst, which has made this business what it is, because it is simply a record of progress which is characteristic of every great industry which America can show to-day; a record of the seizure of every new idea, applying experimentally every theory of progress, holding to that which is good; and a record of broad-minded, generous enterprise which is bound in this country to bring its reward in success.

It is a curious fact that a beer which becomes popular usually takes to itself the name of the town in which it is brewed, and the case of Milwaukee is an illustration. Almost every one who knows of the perfection to which the art of brewing has been brought in Milwaukee asks for Milwaukee beer as naturally as they inquire for Java coffee. There is a cause for this, but one not generally understood. The water used by the city of Milwaukee is taken from a point in Lake Michigan over a hundred feet below the surface, and at this point

contains certain ingredients which are peculiarly adapted for brewing, especially for the production of light-colored beers of exceptional brilliancy and flavor. It therefore ceases to be a coincidence that the largest brewery in the world should be located in Milwaukee, but is the natural sequence of cause and effect, made possible by an intelligent appreciation by the brewers themselves of the advantages which the location offered.

It is the Pabst Brewing Company which has made Milwaukee beer famous, and while there are other brewing companies there which have followed in the wake of the larger institution, the Pabst Brewing Company has not only maintained its prestige as regards magnitude, but stands at the front in quality also—a fact which is conceded by connoisseurs. It is owing to this fact that the knowing ones usually designate their preference by saying Pabst-Milwaukee instead of merely asking for Milwaukee beer; for there seems to be an irresistible temptation on the part of certain retail dealers in this product to substitute any other Milwaukee beer, or even a beer brewed in quite a different city, for the original product, unless the consumer sees to it that the name of Pabst is on the label. It is curious that the law provides no defense for a city's reputation. In fact, there is in a Colorado city a brewery named the Milwaukee Brewing Company. It is simply trading upon the reputation of Milwaukee, and is a fraud on its very face, but the public is not sufficiently apprised of the imposition which is being practiced upon them. Any one who is really desirous of finding out what Milwaukee beer is, can do so by asking for a bottle of Pabst, with its round, characteristic trade-mark, and insisting that it shall be served to them. They may find some difficulty, but persistence will win.

The illustration published herewith gives some indication of what brewing has come to be, and when it is stated that over thirty-two thousand persons are dependent upon the Pabst Brewing Company, directly and indirectly, for their livelihood, it is some indication of a magnitude which is little understood.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Rev. Huber Gurney.

"Come, ye children,
Blithe and merry,
This one child
Your model make;
Christmas holly,
Leaf, and berry,
All be prized
For His dear sake;
Come, ye gentle
Hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits,
Keen and bold;
All in all your
Homage render,
Weak and mighty,
Young and old."

AN INTERVIEW WITH CARLYLE.

A VERY interesting account of an interview with Carlyle over twenty years ago is the following by J. C. C. only just published:

It must have been in the autumn of 1873 or 1874 (I have made no note of the date) that it came into my head as I sat in my chambers in the Temple, that I should very much like to have an interview with Carlyle. The Carlyle fever was then epidemic, and I had it in its acutest phase. Such a concession to conventionality as a letter of introduction seemed to me not only superfluous but revolting. So I sat down and wrote a letter which ran something like this—I forgot the exact words: "Master, the writer of this letter is a young man beginning life, and wishing to make that life more memorable to himself than it otherwise would be, he reverently and earnestly prays you to grant him an interview, if only for a few minutes. After he has delivered this letter he will call again in a quarter of an hour to see if then, or at any other time, you will grant his request." Off I went to Cheyne Row, learned that the Sage was at home, delivered the letter, and called again in quarter of an hour. "Mr. Carlyle will see you, sir," said the servant. I was then ushered into the presence of the great man. As I entered he slowly, and as it seemed painfully, rose—a tall, gaunt figure clad in a long drab dressing-gown-looking garment which came down to his ankles. He seemed a little embarrassed from sheer physical nervousness, and had the air of a man who had made up his mind to discharge civilly, and if possible cheerfully, an unwelcome social duty. "So you have come to see me. What can I do for you? Sit down." And he courteously but somewhat impatiently motioned me to a sofa, and re-seated himself in his chair. Then turning toward the table near him, he glanced at my letter, and noticing, I suppose, that it was dated from the Temple, he said: "So you're a young lawyer, are you? Well, there's good work to be done in the law." And then he began to ask what were the text-books in vogue and who were the great law-lecturers. I was obliged to explain that I was not a lawyer. "Then," said he, with a keen and searching look which contrasted strongly with his previous polite but ill-disguised indifference, "if you are not a lawyer, what are you doing in the Temple?" Plainly there was something wrong here, something not quite straightforward. I explained to him that people other than lawyers lived in the Temple, and that my chief work was journalism. In journalism he said he did not much believe, but hoped that I was making it a makeshift, adding that young men must take to anything till they found out what they were fitted for. "Ah!" he continued, "when I was your age I could get nothing to do, though I was willing to hew wood and draw water. I was just damned up, and ready to kill myself." It was at this time, he said, that he came across Goethe, meaning, of course, his works. "He was just my savior." The conversation then got on to modern science, in the course of which he observed, with bitter emphasis: "Darwin says that man originated from protoplasm and frog sperm, but I prefer old David's opinion, which is better science and nearer the truth: 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.'" He spoke very bitterly about writing for money, and of "popular and what they call successful authors"; said that he had recently "taken up a book by a creature who called herself Ouida" (and how he did roll out the first syllable

Owi-da), "but who, judging from her writing, might be better described by a monosyllable not mentionable in polite society. A woman slobbering about men's chests!—damnable, hateful, abominable. However, there was one consolation, that any decent person would feel after reading a page or two of such stuff, that there was nothing to do but just stop your nose and run for it."

Of George Eliot he did not think much; said that in his opinion the best thing she ever wrote was her article on Young in the *Westminster Review*. In a friend's house he had recently "come across a thing of hers called 'Mildmismatch,' or some such name, and turned over the pages, but found it neither amusing nor instructive, but just dull." She was a good woman till she came up to London, and got in with Antichrist Chapman and his set, and found that polygamy wouldn't do in this country. This he said with a sneer and a chuckle. He did not much believe in fiction, either in Scott or Dickens, or any of 'em. "Don Quixote" and "Wilhelm Meister" were a very different matter. And in answer to some question I asked him, he began to talk about "Wilhelm Meister." Its purpose was to show the world operating in action on the formation of an artist. It was not altogether allegorical. There was nothing symbolic in Mignon—"she is just a charming figure"—"at least," and this he said with a deep sigh, "she always was to me." At that time Messrs. Rossetti and Swinburne and their school were greatly in vogue, and I asked him what he thought of that school. He looked wearily up from the fire on which his eyes had been resting, and said, slowly and emphatically: "It's a very curious growth." And said no more. Then in some way or other we got on to the German drama, and he talked a good deal about it; in fact, he took the trouble to give me a sketch of its history, and I remember being very impatient because I wanted to get from him what I could not get elsewhere. He went on for at least a quarter of an hour with quite commonplace details, as though it was a pleasure to him to talk. All this time he sat with his face turned half toward me and half toward the fire—the predominating expression both when he had been speaking and when he was silent was unutterable weariness and misery—deep lines cut into his down-dragging forehead and plowed his somewhat feminine face, which, dejected as it was, was neither wan nor haggard, but had a ruddy glow of health upon it. No words could I describe the abject wretchedness, the dreary hopeless melancholy expressed in his eyes, as, dull, filmed and rheumy, they dragged themselves from the fire toward me and from me back again to the fire. Yet were the features neither set nor lifeless, but mobile and plastic, sensitively responsive to emotion and thought, for they accentuated every word, every earnest word he said. Excitement transformed him, as I was soon to see. After the German theatre, I see from my notes that we got on to Strauss. And now he became animated. "That man," he thundered out, "has called Jesus Christ a world-historical humbug—mark you," and he rolled it out in his strong Scotch accent, a wor-r-l-d-historical hum—this in a high, shrill key—bug, coming down on the word with a crash. Then in some connection which I forget, he told a story about the clever way in which some German Duke got to the bottom of anarchy. Some man had set himself up as "the high priest of anarchy." But the Duke saw that all that the fellow wanted was not disciples but victims. So he assigned a couple of rooms to him in the ducal castle, and gave him food and drink, and "just bolted up the high priest of anarchy," and astonished fools heard no more of him.

Up to this point I had only seen the genial side of him by glimpses. But now I was to see what it rejoiced me to see, that Carlyle must have had his full share of enjoyment in life. The high priest of anarchy story set him off in an explosion of laughter, and then he began to relate some incident in a farce acted at the Duke of Weimar's; something about a sausage being tied to a bell-rose, and the cat ringing the bell. But he laughed so immoderately, peal after peal, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and he nearly falling off his chair as he rocked in convulsions, that I could not catch a word of what he said. I could not have conceived it possible that a man could become so changed: it was not simply a laugh all over, but it simply transformed him. He looked for all the world like a jovial gap-toothed old Satyr—irresistibly comical. And this was his mood for the next half-hour. Gradually he sobered down, and soon relapsed into his former mood. But I had seen enough to see with joy that Providence had for him, as for most of mortal men, not dealt only from the one casket.

Not long after I saw him on another side, and as his humor had first revealed



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itself by flashes before the great explosion came, so was it to be with his less genial characteristics. Led off by some remark of mine, I quite forgot what he began to dilate with savage emphasis and fury on the age in general and on politics in particular. "A miserable, chaotic, damnable mass of lies and rubbish which will swallow up everything, unless it please God to raise up some great spirit—" "grate spirit" he pronounced it. Then, gathering in fury, he went on precisely in the style of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," craning his neck forward from the chair in which he sat toward me on the sofa, as though I, poor I, was the incarnation of what he was denouncing; his eyes literally, like Chapman's boat, "swimming in fire," the film and rheum gone, purged—blazed away—in thin effluvia of soul. Then I could understand all that Leigh Hunt meant when he said that he had "never seen such eyes in a human head as Thomas Carlyle's." Ridiculous as it may seem, the magnetic or demoniac power of the man was such that I actually found myself unconsciously cowering back in the corner of the head of the sofa. Conscious that I had long exceeded the few minutes for which I had petitioned, I had several times risen to go, each time, in fact, that there had been any protracted pause in the conversation. So, after this storm had passed, I again rose. But then he began to direct his conversation to my personal interests. He asked me if I read German, and on my telling him my studies had chiefly been in the Classics, which I had found sufficient, he said: "Oh, you must set to German at once; the Germans will do more for you at this time of day than any. You must admit Lessing and Goethe and Schiller into the gallery of your gods. Take my advice, go at German at once." Among other things, I asked him whether the instinct of ambition, if strong, and not merely flighty and emotional, implied the power of realizing it. He looked thoughtful, and did not reply at once. Then he said: "You know what Goethe says—our wishes are often presentations of our capabilities. I don't think we can say further than that." He added: "Stick to some definite purpose, good or bad—a man without a purpose is soon down at zero; better to have a bad purpose than none. Ay, do something, and whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might, and prepare against the day when you'll have to throw down your tools and go." I had now been with him some four hours, and rose to take my leave. He shook hands with me, and holding my hand looked into my face very kindly, and said: "Well, what can I say to you at parting?" What I should like to have said was: "Say to me that I may come and see you again." But somehow I had not the courage to say it, though in hesitation I paused. "Well," he struck in, "perge, perge," and accompanied me to the door; and with the courtesy which was one of his most striking characteristics, was evidently intending to see me downstairs to the street door, though it was plainly an effort to him, as his stiff and rather tottering gait showed. So I begged him not to do so. "Can you find your way to the door?" he said. "Well, perge," and as I went downstairs I heard him again mutter in a weary, half-indifferent, half-kindly way: "Perge, perge." And so ended my interview with Thomas Carlyle.

THE MARRIAGE OF GILBERT PARKER.

AMONG the notable weddings in New York was that of Miss Amy E. Vantine, daughter of the late Mr. A. A. Vantine, and the distinguished English novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker, son of Captain Joseph Parker of the Royal Artillery. Shortly after the holidays Mr. and Mrs. Parker will sail for their home, No. 7 Park Lane, St. James, London; and the best wishes of their friends will accompany them.

Mr. Parker is one of the few distinguished English men of letters who have successfully woven the spell of romance around New World scenes and history; and his Canadian stories are among the

best of latter-day literary productions, on either side of the Atlantic. The occasion of Mr. Parker's marriage reception was graced by the presence of many distinguished Americans, Canadians and Englishmen.

Readers who have enjoyed the rare stories of Mr. Parker will join with his immediate friends in wishing long life and prosperity to "Pierre and His People" and in the expression of the hope that our acquaintance with the distinguished young *littérateur* through his writings may continue, and grow more and more as his years of married life bring happiness and worldly blessings to his English and American homes, for Mr. and Mrs. Parker intend to divide their time equally between America and Europe.

THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS's passionate appeal for intervention in behalf of the poor Armenians is well calculated to stir the peoples, if not the Governments, of Europe. Here are some passages in his appeal to the Powers:

"Strong Russia, Champion of the Christian East; France, thro' whose soul, too generous to forget; The ardor of St. Louis passes yet; Our Empire, with the years increased, To hold the gorgeous Orient in fee; And her great eldest daughter, she Who sits august and free, A crowned Commonwealth from sea to sea; Shall these, unmoved by long Past of pain, Wait till the tide of blood returns again, And watch again their helpless brethren die— Those who upheld or spared the waning secular lie?"

Nay, may, it is enough! enough! No more Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er. No more, O Earth! No more.

* * * * *
Let Love prevail, not Hate! With you the Future lies. Twere shame indeed If man, in his pride, should now forget Adding fresh force to swell the sum of ill, Prolonged the accursed reign of pain and tears, And bade again a hapless nation bleed! Succor the weak. Drive back their pitiless foes.

Let not despair afflict your brethren still. Let the new-coming Age, a happier Birth, Bless these waste-places of the suffering Earth, Let Peace, with Law, The tranquil blessing fill And make the desert blossom as the Rose."

A REMARKABLE bird is the kea, or mountain parrot of New Zealand. This bird is notable from the fact that during the last thirty years it has developed a taste for sheep, although its natural food consists of insects, fruit and berries, or, as some authorities claim, on the lichen it finds in the mountain-tops. It is probably the blood rather than the flesh which this bird seeks, as it has never been known to touch a dead body. Its method of attack is to alight on the back of the beast, where it is able to fasten its talons in the long wool. This fact gave rise to the belief that the bird regards the kidneys of the sheep as a special delicacy and attempts to burrow into its victim so as to reach this part. The origin of this habit of attacking sheep has occasioned much conjecture. It has been suggested that in winter time the birds may have mistaken the sheep for snow-covered rocks and alighted on them, and, in burrowing on them for insects, tasted the blood. Once having discovered that the blood was good for food, it is easy to see how the habit of attacking the beasts spread.

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